

DAYLIGHT SEARCH FOR THE DROWNED PASSENGERS.



from the north, quickly followed by another. Where there had been a score working in the effort to rescue a moment before there were now a hundred. A horde of men with axes swarmed on the combination coach and chopped holes in it. A couple of Chinamen were taken out, bruised and bleeding. They had floated with the water into the baggage compartment, through the break in the partition, and climbed up on a pile of trunks. Jim Corbett and members of his company, who were on the train following the wrecked one, pitched in with axes and floundered in the water, pulling survivors ashore.

Engine Sank Out of Sight.

After the first plunge nothing was seen of the engine or of the engineer or of the fireman. The great bulk of steel and iron evidently slid down the sloping bed of the river, off into deep water. The only sign that there had been an engine in the wreck was the truck from the tender, lying on the bank.

Immediately after the accident occurred, Conductor Parrish sent the first locomotive that came along to the nearest town with instructions to wire everywhere along the line for help. He took the next and sent it flying up to Garrison, where General Manager Toucey has his summer home. The next he sent to Peekskill for physicians and wreckers, and had another sent from there down to Tarrytown to get Division Superintendent McCoy. The next he sent to Poughkeepsie for physicians, wreckers and the railroad policemen under Chief Humphrey.

With all this energy it was 8 o'clock before the first relief train, that from Peekskill, got to the scene. The physicians from the Helping Hand Hospital, Drs. Lyons, Portland, Green, Knight and Snowden, got at their merciful work in a moment.

Caring for the Injured.

They had the wounded taken to the station house about a block away, and in an hour had them all as comfortable as might be. They took the nine most badly hurt to Peekskill at 9 o'clock, and sent four who could stand the journey through to New York. Wrecking trains from Poughkeepsie arrived at 8:15, but so complete was the wreck that there was practically nothing for them to do. Only three of the cars that had made up the train were on terra firma. A half of another stuck above the water, and the roofs of four others could be seen. That was all.

One of the Tivoli wrecking crew, Ben Johnson, a big, sturdy, plucky chap, pulled off his clothes and dived into the river to see if he could locate the engine. He made a dozen attempts, but could find no trace of it. The tide turned at 9 o'clock, and several of the submerged cars began to float away. The wrecking crews, with the help of a dozen boatmen who had come over from Highland Falls, got ropes at-

tached to anchor them to the shore, but not until two, the day coach and express car, had floated nearly half a mile down the river. Then they were at a standstill. All of their powerful derricks together were not equal to the task of raising a car out of the water, and Mr. Toucey telegraphed to the Merritt Wrecking Company to send their big floating derrick up. After that it was simply a wait. At noon, with the rise of the tide again, the combination baggage and smoking car, in which the luckless Chinamen were, was pushed up close against the retaining wall and ropes were passed through its windows and over its roof. The derricks were then able to haul the forward end (where the baggage was) out of the water, and the wreckers started getting out the baggage. It was tedious work, for the compartment was still full of water, and to get the drag ropes around the various articles the workers had sometimes to get clear under the water. By 4 o'clock the baggage was pretty well removed and the derricks got that end of the car up on the wall. Then came the search in the smoking half, and in half an hour two bodies—one a Chinaman and one a white man—were taken out.

Visitors Looted the Train.

By noon a crowd of curious people began to gather at the scene of the accident. At 1 o'clock there were 500 persons in it, and at 4 o'clock about 4,000. The greater part of West Point's garrison roved over, from colonels down to stable boys. From the nearby towns came carriages by the score and bicycles by the hundreds, and from the farms came bewhiskered and calicoed persons in swarms. Chief Humphreys and his men had all they could do to hold them within a reasonable distance from the men at work, and several times the rush of the crowd simply overwhelmed them. It was merely a matter of morbid curiosity with the crowd, for the news of the wreck had not (excepting through the Journal extra) reached the friends of the passengers in the wrecked train. The visitors, with the exception of a painfully small minority, behaved worse than beasts. They looted the luggage, taken from the last wrecked Wagner car; they tore the salvaged curtains, bedding, and linen into strips for souvenirs, and worst of all, some of those who came in boats got near the cars in which the dead were entombed and drank, ate, sang, and made generally merry.

TALES OF MANY WHO FACED DEATH.

Narrative of Passengers Rescued from the Coach Which Became a Floating Coffin for Victims.

TALES of the survivors are replete with thrilling incidents and narrow escapes. After all danger from the impact and flying debris had passed the

threat of a terrible death by drowning hovered over them.

No two of the stories are alike. Of the rescued no two were impressed similarly. One remembers only wild cries and hideous screams of agony, while another dwells on the intense silence that hung heavy over the wrecked train after the first crashes.

Some dwell on details, while others remember only the broad sweep of the fast crowding events. Their stories follow:

Escaped Through the Roof.

William Shaw was aboard the ill-fated train as messenger of the Westcott Baggage Transfer Company, of New York. He was in the baggage compartment of the combination car with the baggage man, Acker, when the car plunged over the embankment. Shaw was rescued through a hole cut in the roof of the car, and came to New York with the passengers who escaped serious injuries on the train following the one wrecked. To the agent at Grand Central Station and a Journal reporter Shaw told the first story of the wreck.

"Acker and I were in the baggage half of the combination car," said he, "and luckily the heavy baggage was piled in the forward end of the compartment against the partition which shut off the smoking car, in which were a dozen or so Chinamen and one or two white passengers. I was just preparing to go through the sleepers for New York baggage checks when the accident happened. All I remember is a crash, a sense of the car plunging sideways and heading down a bank. The next I knew I was digging my way out from under a lot of small baggage which had been thrown forward with me against the tiers of trunks piled against the partition. I saw Acker's legs disappearing through a hole in the roof when I got out from under the baggage."

"Somebody gave me a hand and I crawled out, too. Then I saw that the forward half of the car was submerged in the river and that the engine and the day coach and some of the sleepers were also over the bank and in the water. Passengers were howling and shrieking on all sides, and two Chinamen, who had climbed out through a window, were holding on to the car roof and yelling. I was not much hurt and had not got wet. I got ashore and tried to help the train crew save others. The passengers in the last three sleepers were all right, and several of those in the two rear cars, which were in the water, also escaped. All the Chinamen and the other passengers in the smoking apartment must have been crushed by the heavy baggage thrown forward upon them or drowned like rats in a trap. I boarded

Strangest of all music is that which will appear in next Sunday's Journal. It is from the Chinese, and was arranged from the original music by William Forst, of the Empire Theatre, exclusively for the Journal's music supplement, and contains six themes from "The First Horn."

the train which followed us and came on to the city with half a dozen of the injured, and most of those who escaped from the rear cars unhurt."

Cut His Way Out.

Herman Acker, the baggage master, made his way to his home in Peekskill as soon as he could. His right arm was broken and his head cut and bruised.

"I was standing in the combination car when the first crash came," he said. "In an instant we were in the water. The car was sliding deeper and deeper into the Hudson River and I thought sure we would be drowned. There were fifteen Chinamen in the car, and they were overwhelmed with terror. I was near enough to the tool rack to grab an axe and cut a hole through the roof and drag myself out. Then I ran to the end of the car and scrambled ashore."

"Two of the Chinamen followed as fast as they could, and may be a third one got out. The rest must have been drowned like rats. I helped the two that followed me and they were almost crazy with fright until some of the people took care of them and sent them to the Helping Hand Hospital in Peekskill."

"As near as I could judge, For, the engineer, and John Tompkins, the fireman, both of whom come from Buffalo, were pinned under the engine and instantly killed or drowned. Parrish, the conductor, escaped all right, I think. William Patterson, who was an old hand porter and was a veteran under Vanderbilt years ago, also escaped serious injury."

Whole Family Escapes.

J. F. Liscomb, one of the survivors, was seen at the Everett House. He was on his way home from a pleasure trip with his wife and daughter. The three occupied a section in the sleeper Hermes.

"The first I knew of the accident," said Mr. Liscomb, "was when I was awakened by an awful crash. The train had come to a stop and our car was telescoped at an angle of about thirty degrees."

"Suddenly I heard the porter come into the car and yell for everybody to get up, that the train had been derailed. At that moment somebody smashed the window in our section from the outside and I hastily put my wife and daughter out of the window. I then crawled out myself and together we climbed up the embankment."

"When we were first aroused our car was only partly in the water, but we had no sooner gotten out than it toppled over and was submerged."

Beyond a few cuts and bruises the Liscombs escaped without injuries.

Cars Split Asunder.

J. Stillman, of No. 105 Holmby street, Brooklyn, gave the following account of his experience:

"I was asleep in the first sleeper in an upper berth. There was a crash which awakened me. I was not startled by it. I simply knew it was not sufficiently alarming to make me realize instantly what was the matter. The first I knew of the ter-

seriousness of the wreck was when the porter came up through the wreckage of my car. He came right up from underneath. He had been thrown from the smoker and out on the back of the head by the water tank. He crouched down, knowing by experience it was safest. The interior of the car was in confusion. When I looked round me and saw the water was not high I tried the windows and found that I could raise them. The water was now rising rapidly. I crawled out of a window into the water, and swam about thirty feet to shore. The car was split open on the outside, and, wonderful to relate, the upper berths were burst and cast right up on the top of the car, and passengers awoke to see the sky above them.

"When I escaped there were persons on top of the car. There were several women. I knew that in the next car there had been women, but among the persons standing on it I saw none. If one woman, with whom I exchanged berths, had been in the one she gave me she would most certainly have gone down in the wreckage."

Silence Hung Heavy.

"After the crash the most marvellous thing of all was the silence. I might have been in church, so great was the stillness. The only noise I heard on that wreck was one faint cry, just I woke. When I was swimming in the water there were two Chinamen on top of one of the cars. One Chinaman was gashed horribly across the forehead, and stood, his eyes full of blood, dazed like a statue, gazing frightfully. I heard no screaming. A gentleman in my car says when the first crash occurred he gave out one tremendous scream, and so woke every one up. It seemed to me that the tracks led right into the water. We did not pitch as though we had fallen with a heavy crash. It seemed to have been a landslide. The bruised colored porter who first alarmed me saved a young woman in berth No. 4 by swimming back for her. No one in that car was injured, severely except a man in berth No. 1, whose shoulder was dislocated. My foot I found was cut, although my windows alone in all the train were not broken. Being in distress, I had to retire quickly and had no time to examine the track. I was shivering with cold. The engineer of the Montreal express was appalled at the wreck and could find no excuse for it at all. I arrived at home and in a blanket."

Mrs. McLean, of No. 64 Montague street, Brooklyn, was in the first sleeper when the train went down. She says there was very little shock, but there were a series of crashes. There was a rush of water and she found the sleeper was lifting. She stood on the top of the car while it was sinking, and had to wait till a plank arrived, along which she reached land. She got a scalp wound. Of sixteen Chinamen four were saved, but they were cut and bruised. She saw people get their heads out of the day coach, but they could not get their bodies out, as the sleeper drifted down and sank."

W. S. Bartholomew, of Chicago, occu-

pled a lower berth in the Hermes, the second sleeper of the train. He and the other passengers in the sleeper escaped with their lives, but will never forget their terrible experience.

"I was awakened," said he, "by a sudden jar and immediately sat up, listening. Then ensued a series of grinding crashes as if some formidable hand were twisting the ironwork of the cars from its fastenings. I thought, also, that I heard fearful cries for help and terrifying groans. That was enough for me. Jumping out of my berth and catching up my clothes any way at all, I made a run for the rear door of the sleeper. I soon found that I was wading ankle deep in water."

Women Were the Bravest.

"The rear door was closed up fast by the sleeper behind, which was wedged up against our car like a wall. I turned to go back and saw that all the passengers were in the aisle with their clothes in their arms as I had mine. There were several women among the passengers."

"They behaved splendidly, much better, in fact, than the men. Their faces were pale and set, but they made no outcry. The water was now at our knees and rising rapidly every moment. I don't think anybody stopped to ask any questions. All hands crowded toward the other door of the sleeper. There we were met by another immovable door."

"One of the men smashed the glass in this door and plunged through head first. He was frightened out on the head and body by the glass, which was jagged and splintered around the edges of the hole. But nobody bothered about that, all hands getting through the hole as quickly as possible. There were fifteen persons in my sleeper, and all were more or less badly lacerated by the glass. How the women managed to get through I don't know, but it was a time when nobody hesitated. All got out safely. I managed to save my camera, and as soon as I had put on my clothes and saw that the persons in the day coaches were beyond help, I began taking snap shots of the wreck."

"Our sleeper had gone into the water close to the wall and must have been imbedded in the mud, for we were able to climb to the shore, though not without some little difficulty. I saw the day coaches almost completely submerged floating down stream. The locomotive had disappeared."

"Some of those who had berths in the Hermes were George W. Neils, of Auburn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Liscomb, and Miss Mary Liscomb, of Portland, Me.; C. Gallagher, of this city; and John McPhail, of No. 30 Hanover street, Baltimore, Md. We could hear the groans and cries for help of those imprisoned in the submerged day coaches, but were not able to help them. Our car slid off the mud and after

A Gain of 1,100 "Wants"

In yesterday's Sunday Journal "Want" Supplement over the same Sunday lay year.

we were all out of it and sunk in deep water."

TOUCEY BLAMES THE TIDE

Says It Undermined a Retaining Wall and Caused the Disaster.

General Manager Toucey was seen at the wreck, where he was superintending the work of clearing the tracks and getting out the wrecked cars. He said:

"At the point where the accident occurred is a section of road that we have been working on for some time past, but it was watched very carefully, and there was nothing to make us apprehend any injury to the track. For the past four or five days, however, the tides have been exceptionally high, and must have undermined a portion of the stone retaining wall. It being made ground, a portion of the earth must have slipped away from under it, and when the engine came upon the weakened spot the weight spread the rock and stone, earth out, making the opening into which the cars plunged, and then shot out into the water."

NO WASTE OF WORDS.

Evidence Which Is Right to the Point and Reliable.

Judge Frank Ives, of District Court of Crookston, Minn., says: For some time I have used Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets with seeming great benefit, with few exceptions; I have not been so free from indigestion in twenty-five years.

George W. Roosevelt, U. S. Consul to Brussels, Belgium, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, safe, pleasant to take, convenient to carry, give keen appetite, perfect digestion.

Mr. W. D. Tomlin, Mechanical Engineer, Duluth, Minn.: One box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets has done its work, and I am again gaining flesh and strength.

O. E. Ransom, Hustonville, Ky.: I was distressed and annoyed for two years with throwing up food, often two or three times a day; had no certainty of retaining a meal if I ate one. Four boxes of the tablets from my druggist have fully cured me. I find them pleasant to take, convenient to carry.

Rev. G. D. Brown, Mondovi, Wis.: The effect of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is simply marvellous; a quite hearty dinner of broiled beefsteak causes no distress since I began their use.

Over six thousand people in the State of Michigan alone in 1894 were cured of stomach troubles by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Full sized package may be found in all druggists at 50 cents. Send for little book on stomach diseases, mailed free by Stuart Co., M. shall, Mich.